

if her husband partook of any dish with peculiar relish, she was careful to have it repeated, but at such intervals as to gratify rather than cloy the appetite. In her dress she was peculiarly neat and simple, carefully avoiding every article of apparel that was tinged with the "odious color." She had naturally a fine mind, which had the advantage of high cultivation; and without being obtrusive, or aiming at display, she strove to be entertaining and companionable. Above all, she constantly endeavored to maintain a placid, if not a cheerful brow, knowing that nothing is so repulsive as discontented, frowning face. She felt that nothing was so important that might either please or displease her husband; his heart was the prize she was endeavoring to win; and the happiness of her life depended on the sentiments he should ultimately entertain towards her. Every thing she did was done not only properly, but gracefully; and though she never wore in her efforts, she would oftentimes sigh that they were so unsuccessful. She sometimes feared that her very anxiety to please, blinded her as to the best manner of doing so, and would often repeat, with a sigh, after some new, and apparently useless effort.

"Je le servais mieux, si je l'oussé aime moins."

The first thing to disturb the kind of quiet that Julia enjoyed, was the prospect of another party. One morning, while at the breakfast table, a card was brought in from Mr. and Mrs. Parker, who were to be "at home" on Friday evening. After looking at the card, Julia handed it to Mr. Westbury in silence.

"It will be proper that we accept the invitation," said Mr. Westbury.

The remembrance of the agony she endured at the last party she attended, caused Julia's voice to tremble a little, as she said—

"Just as you think best—but for my own part, I should seldom attend a party for the sake of enjoyment."

"If Mrs. Westbury thinks it proper to immure herself as if in a convent, she can," said Mr. Westbury; "for myself, I feel that society has claims upon me that I wish to discharge."

"I will go if you think there would be any impropriety in my staying away," said Julia.

"Situated as you are, I think there would," said Mr. Westbury.

"Situated as I am!" thought Julia; "what does he mean? Does he refer to my station in society? or does he fear that the world will think me an unhappy wife, that wishes to seclude herself from observation?"

In the course of the morning, Julia called on Mrs. Cunningham, and found that lady and her husband discussing the point, whether or not they should attend Mrs. Parker's party.

"Are you going, Mrs. Westbury?" asked Mrs. Cunningham.

"Yes—Mr. Westbury thinks we had better do so," Julia replied.

"Hear that, Edward!" said Mrs. Cunningham. "You perceive that Mr. Westbury likes that his wife should enjoy the pleasure of society."

Mr. Cunningham looked a little hurt, as he said—"My dear Lucy, am I not more than willing to indulge you in every thing that will add to your happiness? I have only been trying to convince you how much more comfortable we should be by our own fireside, than in such a crowd as must be encountered at Mrs. Parker's. For myself, the company of our wife is my highest enjoyment—and of her conversation I never grow weary."

"Thank you for the compliment, dear," said Mrs. Cunningham—"and we will settle the question at another time."

One of the first persons Julia distinguished amid the company, as she entered Mrs. Parker's drawing-room, was Mrs. Cunningham, who gave her a nod, and an exulting smile, as much as to say—"you see I have carried the day!" Julia had endeavored to arm herself for this evening's trial, should Miss Eldon make one of the company; and accordingly she was not surprised, and not much moved, when she saw her husband conversing with that young lady. She was too delicate in feeling, too refined in manner, to watch them, even long enough to catch the expression of Mr. Westbury's face; but resolutely turning her eyes another way, endeavored to enter into conversation with the persons near her.

Mr. Westbury had not been in Mrs. Parker's drawing room half an hour, ere Miss Eldon contrived to place herself in such a situation as to render it impossible for him to avoid addressing her; and this point once gained, to escape from her was impracticable. A strong sense of honor alone led him to wish to escape, as to be near her was to him the most exquisite happiness; but the greater the delight, the more imminent the danger; of this he was sensible, and it was not without some resistance that he yielded to her fascination. Could she once secure his attention, Miss Eldon well knew how to get at his heart; and at those moments when she was sure that no ear heard and no eye observed her but his own, she let an occasional touch of the *necessaria* mingle so naturally with her half-subdued sprightliness, as to awaken, in all their original strength, those feelings, and those regrets, he was striving to subdue. For the time he forgot every thing but that they mutually loved, and were mutually unhappy. They had been standing together a considerable length of time when they were joined by Mr. Cunningham, who abruptly remarked—

"You don't enjoy yourself this evening, Westbury."

"What makes you think so?" Mr. Westbury inquired.

"You look worn out, just as I feel," answered Mr. Cunningham. "How strange it is," he added, "that married men will ever suffer themselves to be drawn into such crowds!"

"Why not married men, as well as bachelors?" asked Miss Eldon.

"Because they relinquish real happiness and comfort, for a fictitious pleasure—if pleasure it can be called," answered Cunningham. "One's own heart and one's own wife, is the place, and the society, for unalloyed enjoyment. Am I not right, Westbury?"

Miss Eldon turned her eyes on Mr. Westbury, as she waited to hear his answer, and an expression, compounded of curiosity, content, and satisfaction, met his eye. It was the first time he had remarked an odiously, an unamiable expression on her countenance. He calmly replied to Mr. Cunningham—

"It is undoubtedly the pleasures of domestic life are the most pure, the most rational, that can be enjoyed."

"O, it is strange," said Mr. Cunningham, "that any one can willingly exchange them for crowded rooms, and pestilential vapors, such as we are now

walking! There is nothing to be gained in such a company as this. Take any dozen, or half dozen of them by themselves, and you might stand some chance to be entertained and instructed; but bring them all together, and each one seems to think it a duty to give himself up to frivolity and nonsense. I doubt whether there have been a hundred sensible words uttered here to-night, except by yonder circle, of which Mrs. Westbury seems to be the centre. There seems to be something like rational conversation there."

Mr. Westbury turned his eyes, and saw that Julia was surrounded by the *élite* of the party—who all seemed to be listening with pleased attention to a conversation that was evidently carried on between herself and Mr. Evelyn, a great man who was universally acknowledged as one of the first in rank and talent in the city. For a minute Mr. Westbury suffered his eyes to rest on Julia. Her cheek was suffused with the beautiful carmine tint of modesty, and her eyes were beaming with intellectual light—while over her features was spread a slight shade of care, as if the heart were not perfectly at ease. "She certainly looks very well," was Mr. Westbury's thought; and his feeling was one of gratified pride, that she who was inevitably his wife, did not find her proper level amongst the light, the vain, and the frivolous.

"You have been delightfully attentive to your wife, this evening, my dear," said Mrs. Cunningham to her husband, as soon as they were seated in their carriage on their way home.

"I am not sensible of having neglected you, Lucy," said Mr. Cunningham.

"No—I suppose not; nor of having been very attentive to another!"

"I certainly am not. To whom do you allude?"

"I suppose," said Mrs. Cunningham, "that Mr. Westbury is equally unconscious of having had his attention engrossed by any particular individual."

"You surely cannot mean that I was particularly attentive to Miss Eldon, Lucy?"

"O, how could I mean so?" said Mrs. Cunningham, with a kind of laugh that expressed any thing rather than pleasure, or good humor. "I really wonder how you came to recollect having seen such a person as Miss Eldon to-night!"

"You remark concerning Westbury brought her to my mind," said Mr. Cunningham.

"How strange!" said his wife. "And how extreme that young lady's moral fiction must have been, that she could not detain two newly married gentlemen near her for more than an hour and a half at one time! Seriously, Mr. Cunningham, the company must have thought that you and Westbury were striving which should do her most homage."

"And seriously, my dear Lucy," said Mr. Cunningham taking the hand of his wife, which she reluctantly permitted him to detain—"seriously, it was merely accidental that I spoke to Miss Eldon this evening. There is not a person on earth to whose society and conversation I am more completely indifferent—so, take no offence, love, where none was meant. There is no one whose conversation can compensate me for the loss of yours; and it is one reason why I so much dislike these crowds, that, for a time, they necessarily separate us from each other."

The following morning, Mrs. Cunningham called on Mrs. Westbury, who, at the moment of her arrival happened to be in her chamber—and she instantly descended to receive her visitor. When Mrs. Westbury left the parlor a short time previous, her husband was there; but he had disappeared, and she supposed he had gone out. He was, however, in the library, which adjoined the parlor, and the door between the two rooms was not quite closed. After the compliments of the morning, Mrs. Westbury remarked—

"I was somewhat surprised to see you at Mrs. Parker's last evening."

"Surprised! why so?"

"You recollect the conversation that took place on the subject, the morning I was at your house?"

"O, yes—I remember that Mr. Cunningham was giving a kind of dissertation on the superior pleasures of one's own chimney-corner. Really, I wish he did not love home quite so well—though I don't despair of teaching him, by and by, to love society."

"Can it be possible that you really regret your husband's attachment to home?" asked Mrs. Westbury.

"Yes, certainly—when it interferes with my going out. A man and his wife may surely enjoy enough of each other's society, and yet see something of the world. At any rate, I shall teach Ned that I am not to be made a recluse for any man!"

"Have you no fears, my dear Mrs. Cunningham," said Mrs. Westbury, "that your want of conformity to your husband's taste will lessen your influence over him?"

"And of what use is this influence," asked Mrs. Cunningham, "unless it be exerted to obtain the enjoyments I love?"

"O, pray beware," said Mrs. Westbury, with much feeling—"beware lest you sacrifice your happiness for a chimera! Beware how you trifle with so valuable a treasure as the heart of a husband!"

"Pho—pho—how serious you are growing," said Mrs. Cunningham. "Actually warning and exhorting at twenty years of age! What a preacher you will be, by the time you are forty! But now be honest, and confess that you, yourself, would prefer a ball or a party, to sitting alone here through a staid evening with Westbury."

"Then to speak truth," said Julia, "I should prefer an evening at home to all the parties in the world—balls I never attend, and do not think stupidity necessary, even with no other companion than one's own husband."

"Then why do you attend parties if you do not like them?"

"Because Mr. Westbury thinks it proper that I should."

"And so you go to him, like miss to her papa and mamma, to ask him what you must do?" said Mrs. Cunningham, laughing. "This is delightful, truly! But for my part, I cannot see why I have not as good a right to expect Edward to conform to my taste and wishes, as he has to expect me to conform to his. And so Westbury makes you go, whether you like it or not?"

"No, indeed," said Mrs. Westbury. "I never expressed to him my aversion to going, nor wishing him to feel as I feel in making a great sacrifice, in complying with his wishes."

"Well, that is pretty, and dutiful, and delicate," said Mrs. Cunningham, laughing again. "But I don't set up for a *patron* wife, and if Edward and I get along as well as people in general, I shall be

satisfied. But to turn to something else. How do you like Miss Eldon?"

"I am not at all acquainted with her," said Julia.

"You have met her several times," said Mrs. Cunningham.

"Yes, but have never conversed with her.—Her appearance is greatly in favor; I think her very beautiful."

"She is called so," said Mrs. Cunningham; "but some how I don't like her looks. To tell the plain truth, I can't endure her, she is so vain, and artful, and self-complacent."

"I have not the least acquaintance with her," repeated Julia; "but it were a pity so lovely a face should not be accompanied by an amiable heart. Are you much acquainted with her?"

"Not personally. Indeed I never conversed with her for ten minutes in my life."

"Then you may be mistaken in thinking her vain and artful," said Mrs. Westbury.

"O, I've seen enough to satisfy me fully as to that point," said Mrs. Cunningham. "When a young lady exerts herself to engross the attention of newly married men, and when she looks so self-satisfied at success, I want nothing more. She can have no delicacy of feeling—she must be a coquette of the worst kind."

It was now Mrs. Westbury's turn to change the subject of conversation, and simply remarking—"that we should be extremely careful how we judge of character hastily"—she asked some question that drove Miss Eldon from Mrs. Cunningham's mind. Soon after the visitor departed, and Julia returned to her chamber.

[TO BE CONCLUDED NEXT WEEK.]

## TEXAS.

From the Oxford Examiner.

### TO THE BRAVE AND GENEROUS.

The undersigned having been born and raised amongst you, and enjoyed in common with you all, the inestimable blessings of civil and religious liberty; and having himself laid down for a while that ease and happiness secured by Freedom to her sons, and embarked in the cause of an oppressed and bleeding people, he can confidently appeal to his gallant countrymen in behalf of the same glorious cause. The final success of Texas, and the permanent establishment of liberty within her borders, are considerations which, at this moment, concentrate the hopes and sympathies of the friends of freedom in every land, where the star-spangled banner bears the tidings of liberty and the achievements of the brave. The undersigned feels assured, that in regard to the Texian cause, there are many erroneous impressions existing in the United States. To give a perfect idea of the present position of that country, would require space beyond the limits of a circular; he feels confident, however, that a succinct epitome of her history will be amply sufficient to eradicate every preconception prejudicial to her cause.

Texas was first settled by emigrants from the United States in 1821, by express invitations from the Spanish Government, to which Mexico then belonged. In 1824, after Mexico had become independent of that Government, she adopted what was then called the Federal System, and received into the compact, as a free State, every province, save Texas, which, according to the Constitution, did not, at that time, possess the necessary elements to form a State. The Constitution of the United States then passed an act connecting Texas with Coahuila, until such time as the Constitution specified for her admission into the confederacy should arrive. In 1833, the people of Texas made a full computation of their inhabitants and resources, and finding that their constitutional elements were fully sufficient to entitle them to the privileges and immunities of the inhabitants of States, drew up a petition, in a convention elected for that purpose, and despatched it by General Austin to the Mexican Government. This petition set forth in the most respectful terms the claims of Texas to unqualified admission as a free State. The whole matter was then referred to a committee of Congress, and there slept until the succeeding revolution brought about the dissolution of Congress, and consequently, that of the Confederacy of which Texas wished to become a member. Gen. Austin was then taken and thrown into the dungeons of the Inquisition, and a Central Government, established, with Santa Anna at its head, and a Congress of Priests and Military Chiefs, to prostrate the liberties of the people at his feet. The people of Texas, who had petitioned in vain for justice at the hands of the Republic, had nothing to hope from a Military Despotism, it was then that she resolved to be free and independent, or become a member of the United States of America. The inhabitants of Texas, seventy thousand in number, are mostly emigrants from the United States or their descendants, and belong to a race of men whose intrepid spirits will not bear a tyrant's yoke. The star of their freedom may set for a day, but the immutable principles of right, and honor, and justice, the unalienable attributes of the virtuous and brave, will rise in their primitive glory and triumph over the thraldom of their oppressors.

Texas has already declared herself free and independent, some of the reasons for which, in addition to those already stated, may be seen in the following paragraphs:

The Mexican Government, by its colonization laws, invited and induced the Anglo-American population of Texas to colonize its wilderness, under the pledged faith of a written constitution, that they should continue to enjoy that constitutional liberty and Republican Government, to which they had been habituated in the land of their birth, the United States of America. In this expectation they have been disappointed, inasmuch as the Mexican nation has acquiesced in the late changes made in the Government, by General Antonio Lopez de Santa Anna, who, having overthrown the Constitution of his country, now offers us the cruel alternative, either to abandon our homes, acquired by so many privations or submit to the most intolerable of all tyrannies, the combined despotism of the sword and the priesthood.

It denies us the right of worshipping the Almighty according to the dictates of our own consciences, by the support of a national religion, calculated to promote the temporal interests of its human functionaries, rather than the glory of the true and living God.

Those and other grievances were patiently borne by the people of Texas, until they reached that point at which forbearance ceases to be a virtue. They then took up arms in defence of the National Constitution.

Of the issue of the contest none can doubt. The Texans have skill and bravery, their oppressors

important numbers without that glorious incentive which glows in the bosoms of the just. The Texans are generous and kind, their foes cruel and treacherous. One party cultivates the principles of benevolence and honor, the other outrages every principle of justice and humanity; one party is fighting for their families and homes, the other for a tyrant whom they despise. The massacre of Col. Fannin's command has already made every American heart to recoil with horror and indignation. General Santa Anna is now in the possession of Texas, and an exasperated foe prowling upon her frontier, wanting nothing to bring them down with savage cruelty upon the defenceless, but that intrepidity and valor which belong to a better cause. And the prime object of this address, is to solicit emigrants from the United States, and such pecuniary aid as can be spread by the generous and the good. When Poland struggled for liberty, her arm was nerved by the exhaustless bounties of the free. The armies of Greece were augmented by our noblest youth, and her coffers replenished by the benevolence of the rich.

The Texans are your kindred and friends, who have abandoned the graves of their sires in search of a soil more congenial to the labors of the poor. The valley of the Mississippi has poured into Texas her emigrants and her stores. It will be seen by a reference to the decree of Texas, which follows this address, that peace, happiness and certain wealth, must follow the success of her cause. The Eastern States have not yet thought of Texas as a struggling sister; but, shall the banner of liberty, which first floated upon their shores, strike for want of bearers in the land of the free? But again, Texas has already declared herself free and independent, and is now fighting to sustain that glorious declaration, and to defend her Constitution and laws. It is her dearest wish to become a member of the United States of America, and to stand upon her frontier, a gallant guardian among the rest, of the cause of freedom and the human race.

Then you who are wealthy, generous and brave, and would not despise a nation's gratitude, come to the rescue while it is yet to-day.

But a very few years ago, when General L. Fayette landed upon our shore, and millions upon millions laid their gratitude at his feet, who would have thought that an opportunity to be like him, would have passed unnoticed and unimproved, and the glories of our benefactor still warm in the memory of the brave?

Arise, young men, and middle aged, and go with us to Texas: there is a theatre for your valor, and a reward for your labors. Let not her brave sons and virtuous daughters go down unaided and unmourned, the hapless victims of tyranny and oppression. Like the three hundred Spartans, they can ever ready to sing the patriot's praise when his dust reposes in the lap of its mother, arise! and aid the gallant spirit, while it yet lives to shout for victory or death.

## MEMUCAN HUNT.

Major-General of the Republic of Texas.

N. B. Persons wishing to emigrate, are requested to observe the following arrangements: Brig. Genl. J. P. Henderson and Staff, and Maj. J. F. Maclin, Maj. J. T. Danlap, and Maj. W. F. Maxey, of my Staff, will conduct the emigrations from Louisville, Ky., Nashville and Memphis, Tenn., and Yorkburg, Miss. on the 1st day of October next. Brig. General W. F. Jones and Staff, from Charleston, S. C., on the same day (1st. October), and Col. Carter Jones, Maj. S. Harris, and myself, those from Norfolk, Va., and the city of New York, on the 20th of September. Emigrants on horse will repair to Nashville and Memphis, Tenn., when arrangements will be made for their reception at those places only on the 1st day of October.

All donations for the assistance of the emigrations, can be placed in the deposite banks, at either of the above places, subject to the order of Genl. Jones, Genl. Henderson, myself, or any of our authorized agents.

M. H.

[Here follows a Decree from the War Department of Texas, in regard to the pay of Volunteers in the Texian service, which was published in the *Carolinian* of the 6th instant.]

## Abolitionism Rewarded.

From the *Cheraw Gazette*.

We last week published some of the resolutions adopted by an anti-abolition meeting in Cincinnati, Ohio, and stated that a committee had been appointed to wait on J. G. Birney and his associates in publishing an abolition paper called the *Philanthropist*, to warn him of the danger of continuing his obnoxious publication, and advise him against it. The committee by their Chairman addressed a note to Mr. Birney, who referred them to the abolition Executive Committee. Several notes passed on the subject before an interview could be had, and the interview finally obtained resulted in nothing satisfactory. The committee then passed a resolution desiring the abolitionists to say distinctly in writing whether they would discontinue the paper or not. To this they returned a negative answer, assigning several reasons for their refusal, among them the following:

The *Philanthropist* is the acknowledged organ of some twelve thousand, or more of our fellow citizens of Ohio, who believe, that slavery, as it exists in our country, is altogether incompatible with the permanency of her institutions; who believe, that the *Slavery of the South or the Liberty of the North* must cease to exist; and who intend to do, what in them lies to bring about a happy and peaceful termination of the former—and this as speedily as facts, and arguments and appeals to the consciences and understanding of slave-holders can be made instrumental to effect it.

We decline complying with your request—because, if it has originated among our own citizens, it is an officious, an unasked for intrusion on the business of others—if among the citizens of other States, it is an attempt at dictation as insolent and high-handed on their part, as a tame submission to it would be base and unmanly on ours.

We decline complying—because the demand is virtually the demand of slave-holders—who, having broken down all the safe guards of liberty in their own States, in order that slavery may be perpetuated, are now, for the fuller attainment of the same object, making the demand of us to follow their example.

The committee then published a statement embracing these facts and concluding as follows:

It only remains then, in pursuance of their instructions, to publish their proceedings and a flourish with at day. But ere they do this, they owe it to themselves and those whom they represent, to ex-

press their utmost abhorrence of every thing like violence; and earnestly to implore their fellow citizens to abstain therefrom.

This publication took place on Saturday morning. The sequel is related as follows by the *Whig* of Monday morning, (August 1.)

About nine o'clock on Saturday evening, between four and five thousand people (as is supposed) had assembled round the publication office of the Abolition paper, edited by James G. Birney and printed by A. Pugh, at the N. E. corner of Main and Seventh streets. In a few moments the types and printing materials of that establishment were seen dashing out of the windows into the streets amid the cheers of the immense mass of people below. In a very short time the windows of the building and every thing in the office were completely demolished and strewn about the streets. The printing Press was broken to pieces, and the largest piece dragged through several of the principal streets and then thrown into the river. Thus far every thing was done in the most systematic order, and, as is believed, was tacitly countenanced by a very large number of our most respectable citizens.

At this juncture, the names of Birney, Donaldson, Colby, &c., (all leading abolitionists) were shouted by numerous voices, and immediately three or four hundred of the mob rushed to Birney's dwelling.—The mob were well provided with tar and feathers. On arriving at Birney's house, the Abolition editor was demanded—his son, a youth about sixteen, came to the door and assured the multitude that his father was not at home. It was soon satisfactorily ascertained that he had left the city in the stage for Hillsborough several hours previously.—The mob then directed their course to the house of one of the Donaldson's (the other residing in the country) and demanded him to be delivered up to them. Some ladies came to the door, and pledged their word that Donaldson was not at home, and assured the multitude that no one but ladies were in the house. The mob immediately departed in search of, but did not succeed in finding him.—It was afterwards ascertained that he had fled from the house a few minutes before the arrival of the mob, and had escaped through an alley or retired street to some unknown place.

The cry of "Church Alley" was now resounded through the mob. This is a place where a quantity of black and white men and women, of infamous character reside, huddled promiscuously together in five or six small buildings. In a few minutes the inmates of these wretched brothels were turned into the streets, and the windows of the buildings, and every article which the buildings contained, destroyed and scattered to the four winds of Heaven.

Here, by the peaceable interference of several citizens, the progress of the mob was arrested, (as was supposed finally) every body, apparently, promising to disperse and go home.

An hour or two afterwards, two or three hundred again collected together and demolished the windows and all the furniture of 6 or 7 small negro houses of bad character on and near to Columbia and Elm streets, in the part of the town commonly called the swamp. In the course of this attack a gun was fired from a window of one of the houses, and a young man by the name of Kinsey was severely shot in the hip and leg with large sized pigeon shot. The wound we believe, is not considered dangerous, though he was perforated with twenty odd shot.

## FOREIGN NEWS.

From the *New York Express*.

THREE DAYS LATER ON ENGLAND. IMPORTANT—ATTEMPT TO ASSASSINATE LOUIS PHILIPPE!

By the arrival of the ship *Republic*, Capt. Williams from Liverpool, June 29, we are furnished with London papers of the 29th, and Liverpool papers of the 29th.

The renewed attempt to assassinate the King of the French by a character that answers somewhat to what is called a "loafer" in New York, has of course, created extraordinary sensation. The particulars we give below. The assassin, it appears, had 22 cents in his pocket, a calico pocket handkerchief not hemmed, but disgustingly filthy—a wooden comb—boots, with no stockings, and a dirty shirt on, which he had worn for three weeks—with a decent coat over it! Paris is full of such "loafers" who sleep in the passages of the streets, and under the Arcades of the Rue di Rivoli.

The King, it appears, acted with great courage. Instead of stopping at the Tuilleries, after the attempt on his life, he continued his journey to Neuilly, and on the 29th of June, he arrived at Neuilly, ignorant of the danger he had just escaped. An affecting interview ensued, and from his arrival until midnight, his Palace was thronged with Foreign Ministers, Peers, &c., anxious to congratulate him on his safety.

The Chamber of Peers was immediately convened to receive a communication from the Government, and the Dukes of Orleans and Nemours were summoned to Paris by Telegraph on their return from their tour in Lombardy.

The House of Lords had taken into consideration the Amendments of the Commons to their amendments in the Irish Municipal Bill, and rejected by a vote of 78 to 142. Lords Melbourne and Lyndhurst, and Earl Grey were the principal speakers on the occasion. The Lords have appointed a Committee to draw up a statement of their reasons for disagreeing with the Commons.

From the *Courier Francais* of Sunday.

Last evening, about six o'clock, a new attempt was made upon the King's life, which fortunately proved as unsuccessful as the former. Just as his Majesty had entered his carriage, to return to Neuilly, and was passing under the gateway leading to the quay, a young man who placed himself on the side opposite that of the post of the National guard, lifted up a cane in which his pistol barrel had been fixed, placed it on the carriage door, and fired it at the King.

Louis Philippe was at that moment bowing to the National Guards through the other window.—Whether the assassin felt agitated or, as it is stated, was pushed while engaged in taking aim, the ball did not touch the King, who, immediately after the explosion, made a sign that he was not wounded, and ordered the coach to be driven on to Neuilly. The King was with the Queen, and his sister Madame Adelaide, and a detachment of dragoons escorted the carriage.

On hearing the explosion the National Guards rushed on the man, who still held the weapon in his hand. He was at first ill-treated, but the officers interfered, and having represented the importance of his being put into the hands of justice, the prisoner was brought to a room above the ground